THE New Republic

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Of the Turkey
By Patrick Dennis

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How Long Will the Recession Last?

by SUMNER SLICHTER

Paul Valery's da Vinci . . . . . *Malcolm Cowley*

The Formaldehyde Crew . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

Chicago - A Portrait by Patrick O'Donovan

"There is the Wrigley Building, made apparently of lavatory tiles and looking rather like an offshoot of Moscow University . . ."

MARCH 3, 1958

25 cents

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Washington Wire

It Was Worse

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Congressmen went armed, Washington was a center of commercial vice, Daniel Webster dunned the controversial Bank of the US for his customary retainer ("bribe" we would call it today), parliamentary drunkenness was so common that leaders found it difficult to keep intoxicated members off the floor or to get them to utter a thick monosyllable when their names were called. That has changed because the atmosphere has changed.

It is the *atmosphere* that is important. The slackness and laxity being exposed now among certain members of the Federal regulatory commissions — notably the FCC and the CAB—is a matter of atmosphere, of "what is done." Some members have accepted favors and gifts and fraternized with the industries they were supposed to regulate. Formulating ethical rules won't do much good; there are rules already. It is a matter of the caliber and character of the appointees. It is a matter of moral atmosphere.

Some commissions have little trouble —the Interstate Commerce Commission, for example. It has surrounded itself with an aloof quasi-judicial atmosphere. In contrast, the reputation of the criticized commissions began to deteriorate with the five year drive of this Administration to pack them with pro-industry men. Why shouldn't they fraternize with industry?—many Eisenhower appointees were pro-industry lobbyists. Who picked Mack for the Federal Communications Commission? Why Eisenhower to be sure, because he was a Florida "Eisenhower-Democrat." Eisenhower appointees on the 7-man FCC seem to have been foremost in accepting industry gifts and favors.

It is hard to have much confidence in the current House lobby investigation; Congress hates to investigate itself. As Senator Richard Neuberger (D, Ore.) points out, some of the worst breaches of ethics before regulatory commissions are by Congressmen. . . . Things are a lot better than 100 years ago, but it is still an uphill fight.

For a rich, ripe example of bad taste we can think of nothing better than Eisenhower's 3500-mile detour from Georgia to the Capital via Elizabeth Arden's $400-a-week beauty resort at Phoenix, Arizona, to deposit his wife and two women guests. To charter a private plane equivalent to the US-owned Constellation for the trip would cost about $12,000-$14,000. When reporters questioned Jim Hagerty he angrily declared "that is his (Eisenhower's) business and nobody else's."

This is a measure of the Administration's severance from reality. Even friendly *Time* magazine attacks Eisenhower for his absences. Eisenhower's prestige is collapsing and he is unaware. Mrs. Eisenhower and her friends will presumably receive their hospitality free. They can engage in what is described as a "sugar-coated routine (slenderizing) . . . in a winter paradise." (There are now 4.5 million unemployed.) "Furnishings include king-size beds, covered in pastel satin elegance." (Bankruptcies are rising.) Reducing exercises permit "working out to music while standing shoulder-high in the pool." (In Detroit 200,000 are looking for jobs.) After lunch comes "scalp manipulation, facial masque and complexion therapy and nail-building manicures and pedicures." (Some cities have started food relief.) "At 9:30 p.m. the butler appears with hot herb tea, usually mint and strawberry." (Part time work over the US is increasing.)

No Time to Gloat

WELL, WELL, it is a matter of good taste, isn't it? If Harry Truman—but no, we can't imagine its happening in his time.

Some Democrats gloat over the Administration's decline. We dissent. It is our loss, too. The real test of Eisenhower leadership now starts in Congress: the hardest test in five years. He is trying to get through two crucial measures, both threatened, the foreign trade program and the foreign aid program. The first would extend the Reciprocal Trade Act five years, the second would allocate $3.9 billion for mutual aid abroad. US prestige abroad depends on these measures. They are threatened by growing protectionism in the industrialized Democratic South, a full-scale GOP revolt, the recession ("Why admit imports that threaten my job"), the coming election (which accentuates local sensitivity) and a general disillusionment with foreign commitments and concern over local affairs (1958 isolationism). It is a nonpartisan fight requiring full Presidential leadership.

We attended the big Democratic fund-raising show here last week at which Truman, Stevenson and others spoke. Mood—jaunty confidence. We couldn't help thinking, however, how little the Democrats have done to improve their fortunes. For the first four years they would not even attack Eisenhower. There is no strong, constructive alternative program—many Democratic partisans hope to win by default. The responsibility of a Loyal Opposition is not very strong in America.

Notes

CONGRATULATIONS to the Raymond Clapper Fund for giving a special citation to ill Tom Stokes, perhaps the best loved journalist in Washington. . . . TRB confesses his own faults: he often irritates (perhaps enjoys doing so); Stokes has a quality which must be described as sweetness: his liberalism is as telling in total effect but he probably wins more converts by including a hearthside geniality . . . . The internal State Department split over how to deal with Russia was well described in a speech last week by R. E. Matteson, Stassen's former aide—the "relaxation of tension" school (Stassen) and the "increased pressure" school (Dulles); Matteson didn't mention either man by name, but that is what the issue boils down to. . . . Eisenhower has had six press conferences since his 1956 re-election; only two of them this year. . . . Following a Kefauver protest the Treasury rules that the power and light industry can't get tax exemption for advertisements denouncing TVA and other public systems as "socialism"; hitherto this one-sided utility propaganda was really paid for by the taxpayers.

T.R.B.

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
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HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
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ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. Ruskin, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, James E. King, Jr., Donald Malcolm, Helen Hill Miller

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Correspondence

► *By Love Possessed*

SIRS:

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Mr. Irving Howe becomes a contributing editor of *NR* with a peevish, evasive and contorted review (*NR*, Jan. 20) of Cozzens' *By Love Possessed*. One may say one thing for it, that it is more perceptive than the fuzzy review of last fall by one

(Continued on page 23)

Dirty Business

THE AFFAIR of the curiously and humorlessly named House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, its dismissed counsel Dr. Bernard Schwartz, and the Federal Communications Commission's award of a television channel in Miami has begun to mature sufficiently so that one feels entitled now to come to some conclusions about it.

There is first the matter of Dr. Schwartz's conduct. The New York University professor of administrative and constitutional law has been not a little censured in the public prints. But it has for the most part been indulgent censure: Dr. Schwartz has been taxed with being rash and overzealous. And so he was. But that is not all. Dr. Schwartz's conduct was not just rash. It was unprincipled in an all too familiar fashion in that Dr. Schwartz doesn't appear to have cared what means he used toward an otherwise high-minded end.

Here are some of the things Dr. Schwartz did:

First. As counsel to the subcommittee, he leaked to a newspaper a memorandum making charges of misconduct against a majority of the members of the FCC. The evidence in support of the charges had not been passed upon and found sufficient by anyone in any way authorized to assess it. The persons accused had no adequate opportunity to defend themselves. Finally, on any kind of objective judgment, the evidence was either trivial or slight; it was of the sort that should, if anything, form the basis for further investigation, not for public accusations.

Second. The release of the memorandum was without authority from the subcommittee. In truth, as Dr. Schwartz well knew, it was contrary to the subcommittee's wishes.

Third. As counsel to the subcommittee, Dr. Schwartz sent an investigator, who obviously had and retains his confidence since he is now serving as Dr. Schwartz's attorney, to interview a member of the FCC. This enterprising young man brought to the interview a recording device hidden in a briefcase. He thoughtfully refrained from informing his interlocutor of the contents of the briefcase, and thus secretly recorded what was said.

Fourth. As he was being discharged by the subcommittee, Dr. Schwartz just simply absconded with its files, though it is fair to add that he did not abscond far and that the files were recovered.

Fifth. Following his discharge Dr. Schwartz, still well aware of the power of the press, freely volunteered derogatory information against a number of named persons who are not in the government service. He based this information on rumors and common knowledge. There was no pretense of evidence; just rumors and common knowledge.

In publishing his accusations and airing his rumors (that a certain Miami attorney was known as a "fixer," to name only one), Dr. Schwartz did what McCarthy used to do. This is a hard thing to say, but it is the exact truth. People who fail to say it are in a position of a Senator Taft, who didn't much like McCarthy's dirty work, to be sure, but who found it in

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his heart to tolerate and even encourage it, because the good he was furthering was one of those things that are bigger than both of us: The Republican Party.

Dr. Schwartz's transgression in acting against the wishes of his committee is perhaps less plain and less grave. But let no one mistake it as trivial. It is true enough that as a matter of professional ethics counsel's duty to a private client and counsel's duty to a Congressional committee are not one and the same thing. We say that because dealing with a private client as Dr. Schwartz dealt with the subcommittee would be hair-raising; to quote the late Senator from Wisconsin, it would be "the most unheard-of-thing I ever heard of." But counsel for a public body does have a species of public responsibility. Having resigned because his employer has adopted a policy he deems wrong, he may, and perhaps has a duty to, change sides and fight his former client. Conscience must be his ultimate guide. But if there is such a duty, it arises directly upon resignation. Not a moment before. And there is never a duty to make unproved charges against named persons.

One of the evils that lurk in the Congressional committee system is that it enables a handful of men, themselves duly elected but representing the merest fraction of the country, to exercise powers that are often awesome. It was to this evil that the Supreme Court addressed itself with respect to the House Un-American Activities in the celebrated *Watkins* case, decided last year. The Court held that whether or not answers might constitutionally be required to the questions the Committee had asked in that case, the questions could not be asked, and the resultant public exposure could not be accomplished, on the authority of the committee itself. The power had to be delegated to the Committee by way of an intelligible enactment of the House as a whole, the House being a responsible, or at any rate a representative, body.

Compared to counsel, even the members of a committee are responsibility incarnate. At least they must answer to their own constituents. To whom was Dr. Schwartz answerable for everything he did before his discharge, such as the leakage, which carried the aura of official authority? Why, to no one at all, of course, if not to the House committee. Have we forgotten so soon the performance of Roy Cohn and David Schine in US Information Libraries across half the theretofore civilized world in 1953? One of the reasons why that performance was intolerable was the fact that these two young men were not answerable along any of the ordinary lines of responsibility that we are accustomed to in our political life. And Cohn and Schine at least had the blessings of the chairman of their committee!

☆

The bugging episode — it amounted to bugging — speaks for itself. So far as we know, what was done is not illegal. But if it isn't, it surely ought to be. Jimmy Hoffa isn't being prosecuted for anything much worse. This was dirty business.

The explanation for all this which is offered in behalf of Dr. Schwartz is that it was absolutely necessary to mobilize public opinion with a dramatic gesture, for the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight was preparing to live up to the unintended meaning of its name: there was to be a very polite little nothing of an investigation. But whatever its original intentions—and one should add whatever its ultimate intentions once the clamor has died down—the subcommittee is now cleaning up after Dr. Schwartz. It started, as did Dr. Schwartz himself, with the trivia. Was Commissioner Doerfer within his rights in accepting a minor honorarium or two for speaking to trade groups, and did he collect travelling expenses from the government when he shouldn't have? The first of these questions raises a somewhat doubtful point of statutory interpretation, and the second is well within the competence and authority of the Comptroller General to dispose of.

☆

The heart of the matter lies beyond these things. In the case of the award by the FCC of a television channel in Miami to, of all things, an airline, the subcommittee has already developed a good bit of uncontested evidence tending to show that a proceeding before the FCC is treated by counsel, by the parties, by Representatives and Senators, and by at least one commissioner as a lobbying proposition. The object is to "pledge" people. We don't know as yet, and we may never know, whether or not Commissioner Mack, whose actions are principally in question, cast his vote honestly and disinterestedly. We do know that he was and permitted himself to be improperly approached—improperly that is for an official performing a quasi-judicial function. Were the case and these facts before it, many a court might well vacate the Commission's order on the ground that Commissioner Mack should have been disqualified for bias, or the appearance of bias, which is quite enough. Similar evidence, or at least an indication that there might be similar evidence, is beginning to appear with respect to the CAB and the SEC. This time pressure from the Executive Department is suggested. Except in instances provided by statute, where he is given a role to play, an attempt by the President or his subordinates privately to influence quasi-judicial determinations by administrative agencies is just as improper as what happened in the Miami television case.

One hopes of course that the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight will uncover all the horrible examples of this sort of thing it can find. But it may well be that we know enough already to understand the kind of reforms that are needed. It has been pointed out by Rep. Stewart Udall (D, Ariz.), for example, that the commissions already have power to fix the character of their pro-

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ceedings: "Let them use this authority and declare forthwith a set of rules—and a code of ethics for individual commissioners—which will give its actions judicial integrity."

As a starter Udall proposes that the FCC:

> (1) prescribe that all communications to individual commissioners concerning applications be made a part of the public file in each case; (2) limit inquiries from members of the legislative or executive departments to requests for status reports on pending applications, or simple appeals to expedite action (I can state with confidence that Members of Congress would welcome such a rule); and (3) declare all other forms of intervention improper, and impose harsh penalties on applicants employing them.

In addition, the position of the independent trial examiner (the FCC unceremoniously overruled one in the Miami case), which was established in the Administrative Procedure Act of 1946, ought to be strengthened. Perhaps the scope of judicial review, often quite narrow, ought to be enlarged. Some (not exclusive) definitions of bias might be written into statutory law. Some criminal penalties might be imposed for attempting to bring influence to bear on a member of an administrative commission. Yet it must be kept in mind that contact between the agencies and the industries they regulate cannot be cut off cleanly, if for no other reason than that the agencies have legislative as well as quasi-judicial functions, and discharge of the former requires consultation with prospective and sometimes even actual litigants.

There is one cure, a total cure, which is beyond the power of Congress to enact, but not beyond the power of an aroused public opinion and of the electorate in 1960 to effect. That cure is consistent appointment of qualified, non-political, disinterested men of the first rank to staff the agencies. No President can be blamed for appointing men who hold views kindred to his own on the large issues of public regulation of business. So it was meant to be. But there is no excuse for appointing hacks. And only hacks are subject to improper pressures.

No Comment

"PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has chosen Gordon MacLean Tiffany, a 45-year-old lawyer of Concord, N. H., to be staff director of the new commission on civil rights. . . .

"Tiffany was Attorney General of New Hampshire from 1950 to 1954, a period when Sherman Adams, now the Assistant to the President, was Governor of the Granite State. However, Hagerty said: 'No, he did not,' when asked if Adams had suggested Tiffany for the staff-director post."

—*Washington Post and Times-Herald,* Feb. 19

"Gordon MacLean Tiffany, nominated for staff director of the Civil Rights Commission, disclosed today that Sherman Adams contacted him about the job. . . .

" 'Mr. Adams was the one who asked me down for the interview,' Mr. Tiffany said."

—*Washington Daily News,* Feb. 20

Uneducated Educated

WITH the provision of more school facilities, better teacher pay and increased scholarship aid, we are in full sympathy. But we remain in considerable doubt as to the extent to which these improvements will produce in educated Americans. There is a difference between acquiring a familiarity with, say, the history of the West, and successfully passing courses H 105, 234 and 317. Similarly, there is a difference between completing a German, French or Spanish major and learning to use another language than English as an effective tool. Not as many Americans have opportunities to learn Russian or the main Oriental or African languages as the number needed for overseas staffs, but look at the performance of those who have enjoyed the language opportunities now at hand.

Our doubts have been underscored by the just-published findings of Syracuse University's Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Administration, analyzing the answers to three groups of questions, given on shipboard last summer by 510 Americans bound for Europe. Their median age was 22, they were college-level, 80 percent came from upper-income homes, they had enough interest in the outside world to go abroad.

They were asked to translate a very simple paragraph into any language, and to respond to one group of questions about Europe—geography, politics, economics, culture—and another about American matters likely to be of interest to people they would meet abroad. In grading these answers, the Maxwell School was more than tolerant. To take one question, for example, any figure between 75,000 and 500,000 was accepted as correct in replies regarding the number of aliens annually admitted to permanent residence in the US. But even with this equivalent of gentle prompting, the results recall Tom Sawyer at Sunday school.

With 472 of the 510 students having had language training that averaged slightly over two years, 21 percent didn't even attempt the simple translation; 49 percent were inadequate; 30 percent were very satisfactory.

On the questions testing their familiarity with Europe, 7 percent were rated poorly oriented, 56 percent very superficial, and 37 percent well oriented. On their own country, 17 percent were regarded as poorly oriented, 47 percent as very superficial, 36 percent as well oriented.

When considering these results from an exceptionally qualified group, it is well to remember that about one percent of the entire US population is overseas today, counting soldiers, civilian workers, family dependents.

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East German Shake-up

WHILE the debate on the possible purpose of "summit talks" drags on, a symptomatic event has happened in East Berlin. Herr Ulbricht, first secretary of the "Socialist Unity Party" under Khrushchev as under Stalin, has imitated his master by getting rid of some of the impediments of "collective leadership." Among those now eliminated as "opportunists" from the East German Politburo are two of the very men Ulbricht put in as his faithful supporters in the summer of 1953, when the previous crop of "opportunists" were purged after the June rising—the chief of the party's personnel department, Herr Schirdewan, and the recently retired head of the security service, Herr Wollweber. Like their predecessors five years ago, they are said to have warned that a continuation of Herr Ulbricht's policy might lead to another rising; having had every opportunity to get the best information on the subject, they may still prove right.

But there is another accusation which is, perhaps, even more indicative of the present situation than this recurrent fear of the people among the appointed guardians of a "people's democracy"—and that is the charge that the purged men had advocated "German unity at any price." As both are tough Communist *apparachiki* of long standing, such a lapse into romantic nationalism on their part is most unlikely; but the charge presumably covers the fact that the "deviators" were willing to discuss German unity at *some* price—in contrast to Ulbricht who does not want to discuss this awkward subject at all. They felt that to keep the East Germans quiet and stop their mass exodus to the West, the Communists must leave some hope for the future; Ulbricht feels that once you encourage such dangerous hopes, you end up with riots. It is surely significant that he has made against them the same charge they raised against him—that their policy would have led to another rising which only the Soviet army could have suppressed.

The important diplomatic fact about Ulbricht's victory is that it indicates that Khrushchev has once more come down on his side and has reassured him that there is to be no international negotiation on German unity, whether at the summit or elsewhere. Khrushchev's latest interviews—including one with a West German editor—proclaim the same intention: They stress the Rapacki plan for "denuclearization," but make no mention of full territorial disengagement of the USSR from the heart of Europe. We do not take that to mean that the idea of an internationally guaranteed neutral belt is hopeless; but it does mean that, so far from being a Soviet trap, disengagement is recognized by the Soviets as a serious danger to their political position in Eastern Europe. While Washington, frozen in immobility, rejected such ideas without discussion, Khrushchev could dangle them for propaganda purposes as in his TV interview.

The Case for Disengagement

by DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

Three articles written for *The New Republic* by one of the British Labour Party's most influential spokesmen on world affairs.

COMING

The French Conscience

PERHAPS the most striking phenomenon in the recent crisis of the French bombing of a Tunisian village has been the extraordinary, not to say monolithic, solidarity demonstrated by the French Socialists, traditionally lovers of peace and fraternity. The general tone was set by the Foreign Minister (a Socialist), Christian Pineau, who has played what is even for him an unusually intricate game of hide-and-seek (this time with columnist Joseph Alsop) in proclaiming a private sense of shame and indignation which he dares not flaunt in public. At the party caucus convened just prior to the important National Assembly debate on the Tunisian situation on February 11, such stalwart Socialists as Jules Moch, Daniel Mayer, and Alain Savary (the Minister of Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs who resigned from Guy Mollett's government after the arrest of Ben Bella in October, 1956) were vociferous in expressing their anxiety over the Sakhiet bombardment. But when the debate opened a few hours later, the lions who had roared off-stage were as meek as lambs. Of the 96 Socialists in the Assembly, 95 voted for the government!

It is, of course, easy to criticize the French in all this, but it was only yesterday that we were in a similarly uncomfortable predicament. France today is full of people who are convinced, as was General MacArthur in 1951, that the only way to get the boys home by Christmas is to deal one massive blow "where it will really hurt"—at the "privileged sanctuary" of Tunisia. Fortunately, however, MacArthur was kept in check by a President who was in command. Who today commands in France?

In the present fevered climate, Frenchmen who criticize a policy of toughness toward Tunisia run the risk of being accused of being appeasers, gullible fools or outright traitors. By a strange irony, McCarthyite hysteria has crossed over to the other side of the Atlantic. This state of mind received a classic new formulation recently in the mouth of the former paratrooper and Poujadiste, Jean-Marie Le Pen: "Children have no right to bear witness against their mothers." And this means that those like Pierre Mendès-France, who still dare criticize policies leading to adventures like that of Sakhiet-Sidi-Yussef, are relegated to the level of matricides.

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Poor Clare

THE VATICAN has selected St. Clare of Assisi (also known as Poor Clare) as the patron saint for television. This eminent 13th Century ascetic and friend of St. Francis founded the sisterhood of Poor Clares and governed it for 40 years. Her purity and zeal brought Popes and Bishops to her for consultation. In art, she is represented with a monstrance in her hand, thus commemorating how in this pose she held off an attacking force intent on defiling her convent. In her earthly life, Poor Clare loathed every form of "entertainment." She never had "a good time." She never had any money either, because she hated it. The Vatican's choice is admirable.

Filtered Truth

THE PHILOSOPHER will find material for glum speculation in the behavior of the stock market last week, when the House Committee on Government Operations openly charged that cigarette manufacturers were deceiving the public with their advertising of filter-tip cigarettes. Why should prices have fallen? The public has known for months that most of the new filter cigarettes do not lessen the intake of tar and nicotine; that, on the contrary, they daub the smoker's insides with more sludge than the old-style cigarette ever did. Why the sudden panic on Wall Street, then? Because, and this is the discouraging thing, the stockholders evidently felt that they had nothing to fear from an unpleasant truth, however widely shared, until it became an *official truth*. In this, they were probably right.

In America today, the best way to keep a secret is to tell it to every citizen individually. Then he will know the truth, and know that his neighbors know it, but he'll keep it to himself for fear of offending public opinion. Plain truth, at present, is without much weight in public affairs until it has been recognized by the government. As long as the Administration, for instance, declines to acknowledge the gravity of the Russian challenge in matters of science and technology, the citizen who knows better—which means, by now, every citizen capable of reading headlines—will hesitate to speak of it, even to himself.

We hope the House committee, having successfully dispatched the claims of the cigarette manufacturers, will go on and call to account every other advertiser who attempts to mislead the public. If it accomplishes nothing else, such an investigation will keep the committee members out of mischief for the next two or three hundred years. For, in plain fact, most advertisers have reached the point where they no longer even *expect* to be believed. Which brings us to an ad for Lady Hathaway shirts we recently ran across in an old copy of *The New Yorker* magazine. "Impeccably man-tailored," ran the text,

> but triumphantly *feminine*. A shirt guaranteed to put a regiment of men at your feet—and at least one in the palm of your hand. Or double your money back.

Now if there were the slightest chance that readers actually believed what they read in advertisements, this particular effort would constitute an open invitation to disaster. Indignant young ladies from all over America would be demanding double indemnity from Hathaway for their humiliation on discovering that the shirt did not even perceptibly ruffle a platoon, to say nothing of prostrating a regiment. The financial strain attendant on returning twice the price of every Lady Hathaway shirt would have plunged the firm into bankruptcy, and Baron Wrangel—he of the famous eye-patch—would even now be eking out a precarious existence modeling neckties upon which "Kiss Me In The Dark, Baby" has been traced in luminous paint. The fact that none of these things has come to pass speaks less for the magnanimity of American womanhood than it does of the degree to which all of us have become friendly strangers to the truth.

American Culture
In Search of Angels—I

THE MAGNIFICENT ANGELS who used to sponsor the opera and the theatre, build college dormitories and municipal auditoriums, support orchestras, back promising young writers, painters, sculptors, dancers are gone, their feathers plucked by time and the income tax. But if culture is no longer to be carried on the wings of the very rich, how will it be carried?

Down the ages, cultural activities have found support in the moneyed patron—emperors and popes, landed aristocrats and guildsmen, merchant princes, and, most recently, overlords of steel and high finance and oil. In today's America, however, concentration of wealth in the middle brackets has, at any rate for the moment, knocked the base out from under the traditional sources of cultural support. The institutions that have developed to make possible the American standard of living for new millions of Americans have specialized in hard goods rather than in the things of the spirit. Installment buying has enabled middle-income families to enjoy a wide range of commodities—houses, cars, refrigerators —while paying for them out of monthly earnings. But what means enable middle-income families to include the support of cultural objectives as part of their budget?

With personal incomes, after taxes, running at a rate of some $288 billion a year, there is no doubt that enough money is available to support a high level of creative and performing art, abstract thought, educational opportunity in this country. But how can the necessary

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funds be collected, in relatively small sums, from at least 40 million check-books? And who shall decide what kinds of artistic effort the collected funds shall be used to encourage.

These two questions need prompt and careful answers if the well-springs of American culture are not either to run dry or to run shallow; and in a series of short notes over the next several weeks we shall examine them.

The drying up of old sources, in the space of one generation, shows up starkly in the income tax returns. In 1929, there were 513 Americans at the upper tip of the income pyramid, each of whom had an income in excess of $1 million. (And these were 1929 dollars, worth about twice as much as the dollars of today.) Together, they enjoyed *after-taxes* $1,132,098,814.

Any figures of this size explain why there can be a Morgan Collection in New York, a Mellon Gallery in Washington, a Rockefeller-endowed Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia, a Duke University in Durham, a Hayden Planetarium in Chicago, a Huntingdon Library in Pasadena, and Carnegie Libraries in city after city across the United States.

In 1955, by contrast to 1929, the country numbered only 276 millionaires, and their combined *before-tax* income totalled less than $600 million.

Clearly, for an increasing source of donations, culture now has to turn elsewhere.

HELEN HILL MILLER

How Long Will the Recession Last?

by SUMNER SLICHTER

[In the Nov. 25 issue of *The New Republic,* Professor Slichter of Harvard stated that "by the spring of 1958 the economy will probably be expanding." In light of the increase in unemployment and the decrease in national production which have occurred since that time, we asked Dr. Slichter again to consider the economic outlook. His present views follow:]

THE VERY LARGE increase of unemployment in January has stimulated new speculation into the probable length of the recession and the expected time of upturn. Does not the large unemployment figure for January mean that the recession is spreading into new parts of the economy and that the recession is likely to be longer and more severe than has generally been expected?

I think that the answer to these questions is "No." The present recession is a limited one affecting only certain parts of the economy. Much larger parts of the economy either are not contracting or are expanding. Furthermore, the recession is not spreading to the non-contracting or the expanding parts of the economy.

The limited nature of the recession is shown by the employment figures for January. Between August, when the recession started, and January the number of wage and salary workers in non-agricultural industries dropped by 1,109,000. But 712,000 of the drop, or 64 percent, was concentrated in durable goods manufacturing which accounts for less than one-fifth of all jobs outside of agriculture. Most of the rest of the drop was in the manufacture of non-durables, and in transportation, and mining. In the fields of wholesale and retail trade, government, services, and miscellaneous employments, which provide three-fifths of the wage and salary employment outside of agriculture, the number of jobs in January was less than one-tenth of one percent below August—too small a difference to be statistically significant.

The January employment report shows that the recession, up to then at least, was not spreading into new parts of the economy. Between December and January, unemployment (after correction of the seasonal factors) in wholesale and retail trade, government, services and miscellaneous industries continued to increase. It grew by 185,000. The drop in employment between December and January was almost entirely concentrated in durable goods manufacturing.

The fact that the recession is limited in extent has helped sustain personal income and retail sales. By January personal income in the United States had dropped less than one percent below the all-time high of August. Retail sales in January were only four-tenths of one percent below the all-time high of July and they were larger (after adjustment for seasonal factors) than in either November or December. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about January retail sales is that the increase over December occurred in the face of the largest month-to-month rise in unemployment that has occurred since the monthly labor force survey was started in 1941.

When will the contraction end? The end will come when there is an increase in the sum total of (1) expenditures of the governments (local, state, and national) for goods and services and (2) gross private investment. Changes in these outlays up or down produce increases or decreases in personal income and thus increases or decreases in personal consumption spending. Government purchases of goods and services have been

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rising, and will grow in the next few months at a slowly increasing rate. Part of gross private investment, namely, housing, has been growing slowly without interruption every month since June. In December new construction contract awards for housing were 8.5 percent above December, 1956. And in January new housing starts, after adjustment for seasonal factors, were larger than in any month since August and 9.5 percent above January, 1957. The slow rise in residential construction is likely to continue, aided by easier money and a strong latent demand.

ALL OF THIS means that the contraction will cease when the decrease in the remaining forms of gross private investment—outlays on industrial plant and equipment and on inventories—no longer exceed increases in government spending and housing. For how much longer can these two contracting influences offset all of the influences for expansion? Durable goods manufacturers cut their inventories by an annual rate of $3.6 billion in November and by the same rate in December, and by even more in January. Disinvestment in inventories cannot be expected to go on at recent or present rates much longer. No one knows precisely when it will drop, but there is a good chance that it will decrease by March, and it is almost certain to drop by May. But a decrease in the rate of disinvestment in inventories is an influence for expansion. Hence, when disinvestment in inventories decreases, there will be only one contracting influence, namely decreasing investment in industrial plant and equipment, to sustain the recession.

Will this lone influence for contraction be able to offset all the other influences making for expansion? Obviously, the decrease in investment in plant and equipment would have to be very drastic to offset all of the influences for expansion. Many people expect sharp additional cuts in investment in plant and equipment. But as late as January, 1958, no drastic drop had yet occurred. For example, in January of this year, total industrial, commercial, and public utilities construction was 4.5 percent above January, 1957, and total non-residential building, after adjustment of seasonal factors, was only 4.1 percent below the monthly average for the last quarter of 1957.

Cuts in investment in plant and equipment show themselves slowly because there is always much work in process that must be completed. Hence, sharp drops in spending on plant and equipment will probably not show themselves before the second quarter of 1958. The failure of production to grow in the first eight months of 1957 and drop of production in August have created the mistaken belief among many businessmen that there is a general exodus of manufacturing capacity. In addition, low profit margins, resulting from the squeeze imposed by rising labor costs and the overdoing of credit restraint last year, are discouraging investment. But when so much expansion is going on in various parts of the economy, is it realistic to expect that curtailment in investment program will be drastic enough to offset the influences making for expansion—rising government spending, increased investment in housing, and the eventual drop of disinvestment in inventories? I think not. The conclusion follows that the balance of the economy will shift from contraction to slow expansion about the time that disinvestment in inventories begins to fall—about March at the earliest and May at the latest.

Since the contraction is causing suffering and waste of resources, and since it is increasing the likelihood of long-run creeping inflation (by retarding the growth of productive capacity and by causing us to reduce inventories), the government should obviously do what it can to stimulate revival. The sharp rise in unemployment in January has started a flood of proposals by members of Congress, Governors, businessmen and others. The two principal proposals are tax cuts (made by Harlow Curtice of General Motors, Sen. Paul Douglas, and others) and public works.

Tax cuts would be a mistake. In order to do much good a tax cut would have to take effect wtihin the next two months. It is difficult to devise a tax cut that would take effect so promptly and that would not be extremely arbitrary in its impact. In order to avoid a dangerous inflationary effect next year when the cash budget, even under present taxes, will show a deficit, the tax cut would have to be temporary. But the stimulating effect of a tax cut known to be temporary would be small. The deficit in next year's cash budget will result from the fact that Congress will wisely insist on spending more on defense.

"It never existed—and I killed it"

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education, conquest of space, natural resource development, and compensation of government employees than the President recommended, but will reject his wise suggestions for cutting the huge sum spent to encourage farmers to raise the wrong crops or to reduce inequitable payments to veterans.

Larger expenditures on many forms of public works are desirable because the United States is a growing country and needs to develop and conserve its national resources, provide itself with adequate growth and recreational areas, and rebuild many parts of its cities. But the execution of such programs cannot be quickly accelerated; hence, proposals for larger outlays on public works, however meritorious in themselves, are not an effective way of dealing with the recession. The money would not be spent until after the recession is over.

THREE STEPS by the Government would be extremely useful. One would be assurance that the Federal Reserve will not revert to its extreme credit policies of last year, but will permit the price level to adjust itself to rising costs. A clear indication that Federal Reserve policy will be less draconian in enforcing a squeeze on profits would not remove the useful element of uncertainty from Federal Reserve policy, since no individual firm could be sure of being able to pass on an increase in costs. But unless business feels that Reserve policy will give it a reasonable chance to make money, the country will be long in getting full recovery.

The second step would be an aggressive easing of credit by the Federal Reserve. This would stimulate housing by increasing the demand for mortgages. The recently announced cuts in bank reserves is a desirable step.

The third step would be for the Defense Department to step up its efforts to order now goods it would otherwise order next summer or next fall. The increase in procurement contracts planned for the first half of 1958 is $4.0 billion. All of the public works proposals that have been suggested are picayune in comparison with this amount. The expected increase in defense orders is more than six times as large as the expected increase in federal aid highway expenditures that is planned for the present fiscal year. But the increase of 4.0 billion dollars in major procurement orders is none too large, and aggressive efforts should be made to make it even larger. And it is important that the procurement contracts be placed as early as possible in the first half of 1958—in March and early April rather than in the closing weeks of June. The sooner the stimulus of these orders is felt, the shorter and milder the recession will be. Placing defense orders this spring rather than next fall or next winter is not only the most practical way to mitigate the recession—it is also a useful way of limiting the pressure on our resources a year hence and thus of retarding the slow upward creep in the price level.

PORTRAITS OF OUR CITIES—2

Chicago

by PATRICK O'DONOVAN

CHICAGO is the victim of a world wide mythology. Children in other countries know its name and use it in their confused aggressive games. A thousand old movies have stamped home the blurred image of Italianate men who wear their suits too tight across the hips and their hats indoors, whose jowls need shaving and who summon one another by little baroque names as a preliminary to death. No comparative crime statistics can remove the image and, because of it, the world has a very special affection for this place. Not unnaturally the citizens of Chicago resent their fame.

Going a little deeper, a habitual newspaper reader has other images to add to the essential one. Asked to set down all that Chicago suggested, there would probably emerge a tumultous and contradictory list that would include a history of natural catastrophies, some eccentric city government, Princes of the Church moving through slums in scarlet, far more than a city's share of poets, a new genre in journalism, a place whose pride grew out of the suffering and bewilderment of new arrivals, the smell of slaughter houses and a tradition of sound architecture and all caught up in a lusty explosive vigor and kept from decadence and blown clean and kept young by a climate as extreme as the images. Whatever it is, this is no ordinary city.

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Certain cities can be easily comprehended. Medieval cities, partciularly, tend to be defined by a wall. They have a logical center, a Cathedral, a Palace or two and a meeting place. Some, like Jerusalem, which is held up, tilted within its walls, are offered, as it were, on a plate, can be seen at once as a whole. But the great modern cities offer no such easy entry. And this is where the rash critic must issue his warning.

A city cannot be described even as fully as a work of art. Each man's view of it is a different one and each inevitably selective. During the war British soldiers overseas occasionally allowed themselves to speak of England

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PATRICK O'DONOVAN, *correspondent for the London* Observer, *has been in this country since 1955.*

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in a sentimental manner. The Londoners among them seemed sometimes to share a common vision of what physically they were fighting for. It seemed usually to be a memory based, not on experience, but upon a romantic conception of England that amounted to a clearing in Epping Forest in the spring. But when they spoke of London, they spoke of a hundred different cities. This then can be only one stranger's view of Chicago and a foreign one at that, the view of someone who came as curious and as critical and as unprepared as an American determinedly including Manchester in his tour round Britain.

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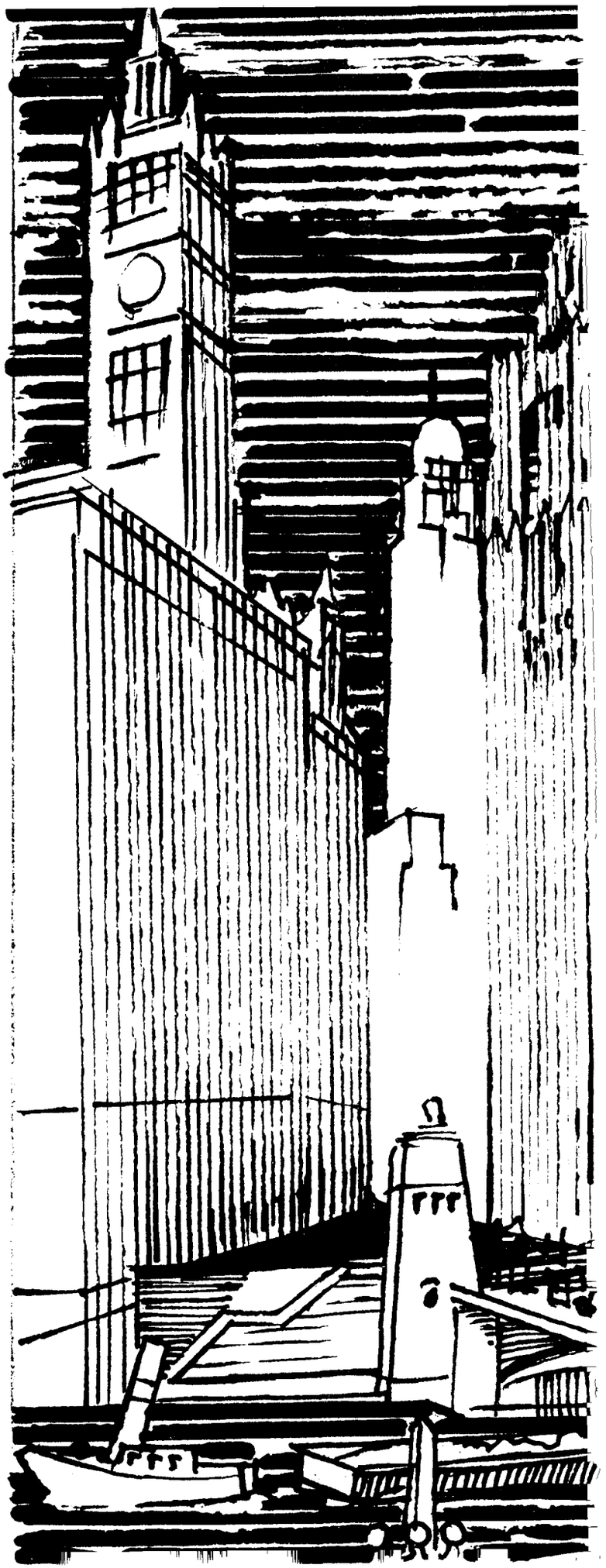
Chicago has a certain simplicity in outline. Essentially it is a great palisade of wealth, pleasure and learning that faces the lake. From this, avenues streak back out towards an endless plain. From the air the neat grid of roads gives the outskirts the look of a semi-permanent refugee camp. It seems to tail off from the waterfront into waste spaces and untidiness and neglect. The houses are strung haphazard upon the rigid pattern, and their yards are piled with things. It does not look particularly inviting, yet to foreigners this is the most American of cities and close to it is curiously stimulating.

It does not reduce or beguile or deceive its visitors. It seems to hit them over the head. At first sight it seems more unfriendly than London, staider than Ottawa, more confusing than Tokyo and uglier than the city you have already chosen most to dislike. But like all great cities it has its own look and character to which you must surrender before the pleasure comes.

The city faces a lake whose further shore cannot be seen and it has the slightly sinister quality of inland seas. It can rouse itself into sudden idiotic storms. At night, when the wind blows, the waves rush in one after each other, much too fast, crashing against concrete walls with a fury that does not entertain. In summer it is a little insipid; it is so obviously not the sea. But it does serve as a tremendous forecourt to the city, and it gives Chicago not only a majestic site but a sense of space and size and boldness that walls and towers cannot give. There is the feel of a city standing on a ledge which is the end of a continent.

The palisade along the water is tall and long. It contains its curiosities. There is the Wrigley Building, made apparently of lavatory tiles and looking rather like an offshoot of Moscow University. There is the handsome gothic tower of the *Tribune* whose base is stuck all over with little bits of stone and carving that have dropped off or been knocked off the shrines and castles of Europe. There is a water tower that looks like a nobleman's folly and which Oscar Wilde disliked. There are a number of extremely large hotels.

These in a democratic manner combine the splendors



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of a decadent past with the needs of contemporary businessmen. They are run with the impersonal efficiency of great hospitals. Crisis in the form of Conventions and the sudden descent of delegations seem continuous with them. Their magnificence is concentrated in their dining rooms.

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A composite picture of the Chicago restaurant is possible. It is a place that has been done over regardless by an interior decorator who probably moved to California on the profits. It is as if someone had said, "Go ahead—but keep it dignified—and make it glitter." With a republican caution over crowned heads, they have avoided the aristocratic styles of France and Italy and England and settled, apparently, on Napoleon as the safe compromise. Yet even the Emperor never had such tons of gilded cornices, such acres of looking glasses and such clusters of chandeliers. In one of them there is even an attendant dressed, bees, green coat and all, like the David portrait of Napoleon. Sullen young men in black silk britches and ruffles assist the waiters. An Indian in feathers pours coffee in another. It is meant to be entertaining and it is. And the food, solid, rich, cosmopolitan and occasionally surprising, goes with the decor.

But the palisade is only the visitor's Chicago. The avenues off it begin with a ferocity of noise and lights and bustle that suggest the old image of Chicago, but they soon tail off into places where people work and live. These places can be dreadful. Long streets where the newspapers rush along the gutters. Small dusty shops. Tenements which have not even the courage of an honest ugliness but seem to have been made up as they went up. Those empty corners special to America, strung with lights and selling other people's cars. Defeated looking churches. Saloons with Irish names which stand, not to tempt a man with an hour to spare, but to satisfy cravings. Street after street with hardly a change in accent—except where someone has wrapped the front of his house with a shiny, painted and pressed covering that imitates stone work. A great industrial wasteland which encloses many horrors. Divided, apparently without planning, into ghettoes where like clings to like and hopelessness takes root and feeds on itself. And yet even here there is a robust character, which in any other country would be described as proletarian, a strong flavor which kills the taste of despair and is peculiarly a part of Chicago.

For the city is more than even all this. It is also a city of universities, though they do not dominate and command as many universities do their cities. They have stepped back into a decent civic conformity, and they do not show on the city's surface. But you come on strange things here.

There is a colossal museum built on land that has been reclaimed from the lake. It stands up to its ankles in its own artificial pond. It is very classical. More vulgar and splendid than anything in ancient Rome. Bits of the Parthenon frieze stuck onto the baths of Caracalla. Expense again no object and apparently all devoted to children. It contains mildly educational exhibits that often slop over into ordinary commercial advertising. It is somehow the sort of thing one expects to find in Russia. Its halls and chambers echo deafeningly with the shouts of children who treat the place as a playroom.

There is a massive office building lording it over a canal. It is faced with a line of more than life-sized heads, cut in stone and set on pillars. They are of distinguished industrial leaders. They look like the grisly aftermath of some heroic massacre.

You can come suddenly upon a slum clearance project. In an area of several blocks there are trucks with wires toppling the facades of mean buildings. There are bulldozers roaring about in the rubble. The air is filled with the crash of falling buildings and the din of engines as if they were preparing defenses against the arrival of an enemy. And beside the rubble a poor man's church. It is large, and built to serve a part of the Polish population. It is, for some reason, in the Portuguese gothic style—a careful contrast between rich carving and plain spaces. There is a rich canopy high over the altar which gleams with gold and silver. Rows of bearded saints and patriarchs lower out of the stained glass windows to assault the tough souls for whom they were made.

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And then at night the pace slows suddenly. The cars stream back into the hinterland and cut each side along the lake to the suburbs. The rich, dark, little bars light their doorways for the hotel dwellers. Decorum and quiet rule the heavy streets for the successful behind the palisade. The pavements seem very wide, the bridges empty and the water running through the city very cold and black. It is now that the size and the claims of the place become obvious. It is almost unadorned. Its parks perfunctory and its water front walks an afterthought. It seems a very solid city and the islands of light immaterial and of no significance. You do not come here for the view or the night life or for the picture galleries. You come here to work, and it seems, in the end, the most determined place in the world. It is fundamentally sober, even a little puritanical. It gives way to impatience, sometimes, over unessentials. The foreigner's view of this as the most American of cities, as a place that concentrates and exaggerates the attributes of the nation, seems not far short of the truth.

This is the second in a series, with illustrations by William Walton. Richmond, Virginia, will be the subject of Mr. O'Donovan's next portrait.

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Keeping Down with the Joneses

The Aftermath of a Social Revolution

by CHARLES CURRAN

A GREAT CHANGE has taken place in the climate of mass opinion in Great Britain. Until quite recently, it has gone unremarked; but now the fact of change has been brought into the daylight by the national controversy over inflation.

Inflation is Britain's biggest domestic problem. Since 1945 the internal value of her currency has fallen by 40 percent. In order to halt the fall, the Macmillan government has moved to cut purchasing power—by raising interest rates, restricting credit and resisting inflationary wage demands. But mass opinion bars the way.

For the British worker insists, through his trade union spokesmen, that he will accept no curb on wages unless at the same time profits, dividends, expense accounts and other forms of minority spending are curbed as well. This insistence is not primarily, or even incidentally, a matter of economics. By contrast with wages, minority expenditure is a mere drop in the ocean of purchasing power. But even though restricting it, or for that matter abolishing it, would make virtually no difference, in measurable terms, to inflationary pressure, the worker demands that it must be penalized all the same. His attitude is summed up in two words that are the most potent slogan in British politics: Fair Shares.

So great is the power of this slogan that it now looks as though the Macmillan government may be compelled, in order to get wage restraint accepted, to make a punitive expedition against minority incomes. The tribal gods of mass opinion are athirst for fiscal human sacrifices. Nothing less will placate them.

Why? What has happened in Britain to create this state of mind? There are two causes for it, one immediate the other remote.

In order to win the war, Britain had to abandon capitalism. From 1940 to 1945, she put her market economy into cold storage and replaced it by a State-directed economy. This was done by a Coalition Cabinet in which Churchill, the Tory Prime Minister, had as his principal colleagues the Socialist party leaders.

CHARLES CURRAN *is a political commentator for* The Spectator. *He has recently returned to England after an American tour.*

Under this regime, unemployment vanished. Mr. Bevin had virtually unlimited authority to direct the entire civilian population, female as well as male, into war work. A worker so directed could not be dismissed except with the Ministry of Labour's consent. But if he was dismissed, he was directed at once to a new job.

Goods and services were allocated by the State on the basis of presumed need, instead of being distributed through the price-mechanism. Food was rationed. Communal centers were set up, where meals were supplied free, or at nominal cost, to workers, mothers, schoolchildren and people made homeless by air raids. Rents were frozen by law; no house-owner could get rid of a tenant. Everybody was fed, everybody was cared for, nobody had much more than anybody else, and any attempt to get more was stigmatized as socially immoral.

This society lasted for five years. When the war ended and the Churchill Coalition broke up, the general election of July, 1945 put the Socialists in power for a further five years. They perpetuated the directed economy, by keeping most of the wartime controls. They extended it still further—notably by creating a National Health Service from public funds which took the price-mechanism out of medicine, and freed every citizen from the need to pay doctor or dentist or hospital. Free medical attention was accompanied by free education, food and rent subsidies, school meals, State-aided nurseries where mothers with jobs could deposit their children, and universal pensions. The worker was thus relieved of all the main burdens that fall on a husband and father in the market economy. He transferred his responsibilities to the State, which met the cost partly by compulsory deductions from wages, partly by heavy taxes levied on tobacco and alcohol.

FROM 1940 to 1950, therefore, the British masses lived under a collective paternalism which provided full employment and social security. Rewards were conferred from above rather than achieved by personal effort. This co-operative society was deeply satisfying to the organized worker—both in material terms and also because he felt there was an ethical rightness about it.

In 1951 the voters turned out the Socialists and

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brought back a Tory government—a verdict that was re-endorsed at the general election of 1955. These two results led many people—in the United States as well as in Britain—to conclude that mass opinion had rejected the directed economy. But it is clear now, in 1958, that this interpretation was wrong. Mass opinion rebelled, not against the directed economy but only against the hardships and shortages that accompanied it. (In 1951, when the Socialists fell, no British citizen could legally buy more than ten cents' worth of fresh meat per week, or more than two ounces of tea, chocolate and candy. To get these and many other commodities he had to produce ration books, from which the shopkeeper removed coupons.)

From 1951 to 1955, the Tories contented themselves with the abolition of rationing, which they nicknamed "the equality of misery." But since 1955 they have begun to dismantle the directed economy itself. Every step they take provokes an angry reaction from mass opinion. This anger is stimulated by the tensions and stresses inseparable from a return to the price-mechanism. Nostalgia for the decade of direction is intense and widespread. In retrospect, its hardships come to be dismissed as merely excrescences, transient by-products of war rather than integral components.

For mass opinion clings to the ethic of the directed economy. This ethic exalts co-operation and rejects competition. It holds that talent and energy ought not to confer personal advantages but should be employed collectively; that ability, like wealth, does not entitle its possessor to a greater supply of goods and services than his neighbor; that the rough egalitarianism of Fair Shares is the *summum bonum*. It is the gospel of keeping down with the Joneses.

MEASURED by this ethic, differentiation of any kind—in possessions, incomes, patterns of living—is something to be restrained and condemned. The highest value, the socially desirable norm, is uniformity. The ethic is exhibited in the inflation controversy and far beyond. ("Why do you want all of them?" said a West of England village shopkeeper to me the other day, when I wanted to buy copies of 12 different newspapers. "Can't you be satisfied with two or three? Other people are.")

Every deviant minority—racial, cultural, social, intellectual—is put on the defensive. Mass opinion penalizes the man who works harder than his mates by boycott, ostracism, expulsion from his union. It sets up barriers against the employment of colored immigrants from West Africa or the West Indies. It refuses to admit Hungarians or Italians to the undermanned coal mines. It attacks the competitive examination that all children must take in the State primary schools for the purpose of selecting those who are intelligent enough to go to grammar schools. Mass opinion wants this examination to be abolished and grammar schools replaced by comprehensive schools to which all children shall go, irrespective of ability.

For the apostles of the Fair Shares ethic, any attempt at deviation from it is a heresy to be stamped out. A little while ago, the Socialist Council that governs the British industrial town of Jarrow-on-Tyne found that a woman living in one of its municipal houses was supplementing her husband's income by doing embroidery at home. The Council ordered her to stop. The Socialist chairman of the Housing Committee was quoted as saying about the woman, "She is the wife of a worker who earns a good salary. She does not need the extra money. It will be no hardship for her to give up her needlework." This utterance puts the ethic into a nutshell. It is a plea, not that everybody shall have enough but that nobody shall have more.

IN PRACTICE, the ethic has produced what may be called the politics of envy. It is a rationalized envy, and it masquerades behind the label of social justice. It *does* undoubtedly contain an element of altruistic idealism. For its advocates hold, more or less clearly, that there is something intrinsically wrong about a society where some people are worse off than others, and that this must be put right by levelling down as well as by levelling up. They believe that, even though men's natural endowments vary widely, all men have an equal need for goods and services; and that the differences are less important than the similarities. Expressions of this belief, in propagandist terms, range from the analogy of the family ("a mother cares equally for all her children, whether they are dull or clever") to the platform halos that surround the brotherhood of man and the plea that the good society is a mundane deity in whose eyes the sparrow and the eagle enjoy parity of esteem.

But although the decade of direction is the proximate reason why the British masses have made Fair Shares into a national idol, it is not the full explanation. The root causes lie deeper. They are embedded in collective memories that stretch back through centuries.

From the Norman Conquest in the 11th Century down to the Industrial Revolution in the 18th Century, England was, in the main, a non-competitive, hierarchical society. She was caste-marked, though not caste-bound; for there was always room for mobility (the medieval Church was an escalator that enabled poor men of talent to rise to the top). But the common man's place was fixed by status rather than by contract in a social climate created by Christianity. In that climate, it was taken for granted that the rich and powerful had an obligation placed upon them to take care of the poor and the weak.

All this long-enduring fabric, with its century-old traditions of duty and charity and philanthropic responsibility, was torn apart by the Industrial Revolution. The hierarchical society was dissolved in the smoke of the factory towns. The common man was forced to leave his

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familiar rural world where he lived under the paternalism of Church and Squire and to go naked on to the battlefields of industrial *laissez-faire*.

In one sense, the common man has never accepted the Industrial Revolution. He has never forgotten the non-competitive society which that revolution destroyed. He has been striving ever since to restore it. The great surge of working-class energies after the Waterloo peace of 1815 was reactionary as well as progressive. It created trade unions and friendly societies; it fought to put fetters on the price-mechanism, and on the industrial magnates who exploited the mechanism; it demanded universal suffrage, so that it could press social reforms on Parliament; finally it created a political party of its own. But all this had, as its ultimate goal, the re-establishment of a society in which the common man would once more be protected, sheltered, cared for, able to live comfortably without reference to his competitive powers.

In this long retreat from the market economy to the positive, paternal State, the marchers passed through two great ordeals. It took them nearly a hundred years to forget the first one; it will probably take them just as long to forget the second. Both are events of capital importance in England's social history.

The first was the Hungry Forties—the 19th Century decade that preceded the repeal of the Corn Laws which made bread dear by taxing foreign wheat imports. The Marchers overthrew the Corn Laws and established Free Trade. But the ghosts of the Hungry Forties walked for decades. They made it electorally impossible for Britain to tamper with Free Trade even when the need for tariffs became starkly visible (as it did in the 1890's when steel production, first in the United States then in Germany, rose above the British level). The ghosts routed Joseph Chamberlain's tariff campaign in 1906; they slew the Tory Party in the general election of 1923.

The second ordeal was mass unemployment from 1920 to 1940. This was caused by technological changes, above all by the fact that electricity and oil displaced coal. The remedy was a tariff wall, to protect British steel and to enable new industries to replace those in decline. But the ghosts of the Hungry Forties vetoed tariffs until 1931, when mass unemployment broke all records and swept away Free Trade. Although unemployment then began to shrink, it did not vanish until the war came.

Memories of those two decades when millions of workless were kept alive on the State dole form a political deposit in Britain that is unlikely to be exhausted during the present century. Because of those decades, mass opinion welcomed the transit to a directed economy in 1940, and voted in 1945 to keep it in peace-time. Now the deposit stands like a roadblock in the path of technological changes, for fear they produce unemployment.

After 150 years, the common man has found his way back to the paternalist, non-competitive society from which the Industrial Revolution expelled him. He is determined to preserve this Eden. Consequently, he insists that differential talents and strivings shall be fettered lest they endanger its foundations, that the co-operative ethic shall be accepted by his rulers, that the unbeliever shall be penalized, that everybody should have enough and nobody more than enough.

Keeping down with the Joneses has become the formula on which economic security rests. For the alternative to keeping down with the Joneses is seen as going down with them into the pit of the market economy.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

"Save me oh, save me from the candid friend."—GEORGE CANNING

Now, Britain and America have restored
Cordial relations based on firm affection,
Let us devoutly trust they'll try no more
Mutual correction.

If unilateral policies estrange
Our two authentic English-speaking nations
We must resist the impulse to exchange
Frank observations.

For common speech does nothing to disperse
Rooted repugnance and inveterate rancor—
When frankness flays, we only make things worse
By being franker.

Both sides resent, if they do not request,
Advice or inquisitions analytic—
The English-speaking friend's not at his best
As friendly critic.

And since plain speech is absolutely sure
To set the valued old alliance creaking,
And English-speaking peoples can't endure
Plain English-speaking,

Let's not exchange home truths for friendship's sake
Expecting that no umbrage will be taken.
The friend who must point out a friend's mistake
Is much mistaken.

SAGITTARIUS

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The Superficial Aspect

The Formaldehyde Crew

THE RUMOR circulated by the cynical that the oil and communications interests have invaded the stockyards, buying Congressmen on the hoof in carload lots is certainly a canard. Its untruth is plain on the face of it. In the first place, a dozen head of prime stock would probably meet every requirement; they don't need a carload. In the second place, only the irrational would buy a steer that already wears the company brand. The story is false.

Yet in Washington they seem to be doing everything possible to make the unwary accept it. It is doubtful that this results from a deep-laid conspiracy, or from any conscious purpose: the probability is that it is merely additional evidence of the impossibility of making the present regime aware of the facts of life.

Consider, for example, the incident of the firing of Lawyer Schwartz, who was investigating the Federal Communications Commission. I do not have the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance. For aught I know to the contrary, he may be a highly objectionable fellow who ought to have been fired for a dozen reasons. But anyone should have known that, under the circumstances, it was urgently necessary to break Schwartz down before kicking him out. Yet it was not done, with the inevitable result that the public got the impression that he was fired because he was about to expose things that Congressmen don't want exposed.

When the smell of rotting garbage gets too rank there are alternative ways of dealing with the situation. One is to dig into the mess, uncover the source of the stink, and take it out and bury it, quickly. The other is to throw formaldehyde all around in order to combat the odor.

It is depressing to realize that some members of Congress apparently do not know that, while the original stench may be supppressed by such action, the formaldehyde itself is strong enough to knock you down. Firing Schwartz was sloshing formaldehyde all over the premises. It knocked flat public confidence in the resolution of the committee to get at the source of the nasty smell that has been seeping out of the FCC. Anybody should have known that it would do just that.

Of a piece with this is the incident of the Texas oil men's $100-a-plate dinner for the Hon. Joseph W. Martin, Republican leader in the House of Representatives. What these chumps actually had in mind it is impossible to say. It may have been nothing worse than a desire to raise a huge slush fund for the Republican party; but the way they put it up gave the impression that they expected their $100,000 to buy the vote of the minority leader for the natural gas bill. But it turned out that Mr. Martin is not for sale, and their money was declined without thanks.

Whereupon the Senate and House campaign committees announced that although Martin cannot be bought for $100,000, *they* will take the money gladly. They stop with that. It is left to the cynical to speculate on how many votes they will deliver for the price that could not purchase Martin's one. Is it surprising that the more extravagant cynics fix the number at a carload, or that many hitherto ingenuous voters are turning into cynics?

For the moment let us ignore the moralistic aspect of these dealings and consider only their rationality. In view of the widespread sinfulness of this world, it is flatly impossible to believe that there are in Washington no sinners with brains. In the matter of Schwartz, a brainy scoundrel could have devised a dozen ways of framing the lawyer so as to seem to justify his dismissal in a fashion not raw enough to discredit the committee. In the matter of the Texas dinner, an ingenious villain could have siphoned the swag into the campaign chest without giving the whole show away.

Even in rascality there is such a thing as style, but even in rascality it is not attainable without considerable intellectual effort. There is no trace of it in these operations. The question then is, does this imply that the existing regime has a strong distaste for rascality, or merely a strong distaste for intellectual effort?

THE ANSWER would seem to lie in an examination of those operations to which no evil aroma attaches—educational policy, for instance, public health and welfare, above all, foreign relations. As far as I know, the sourest cynic finds no evidence of financial corruption in these; but, on the other hand, the blandest optimist is hard put to it to discover much evidence of intense and effective cerebration in any of them. Such good ideas as they embody were almost all inherited from the previous regime, and such innovations as have been introduced have proved to be stupid almost without exception. Three months after his first inauguration President Eisenhower publicly attributed merit to his administration for having "raised the moral tone of Washington." What it has done to the mental tone of the place he wisely ignored.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Leonardo da Vinci

by Paul Valery

HERE is a legend in which everything is true, and not only true but verifiable. If the events were imaginary, they would be a chapter from the mythology of the human mind, and the man I am speaking of would belong with the fabulous heroes and demigods of the intellect. But all the proofs of his superhuman existence are available to anyone and his feats of prowess survive for all who wish to see.

Once there lived a man who was gifted with the power of looking at the same object in many different fashions—sometimes as a painter would look at it, sometimes as a naturalist, sometimes as a physicist, at other times as a poet—and not one of those fashions was superficial.

If he was walking in the country and stopped to enjoy the view, he could analyze it as an artist, observing its general pattern, its effects of light and shade, its perspectives and transparencies; or he could meditate on how the site was formed by the action of rival forces that make every spot on earth an accidental monument to their struggles. If he found a seashell far from the shore, it would reveal to him the enormous movements that change submarine valleys into mountains; and all living creatures filled with a veritable passion for understanding and representing life. Nobody else examined (and I doubt whether anyone else could have examined) every aspect of life with such a sustained intellectual zeal. His curiosity extended to the forms, actions, attitudes, inner structures and organic functioning of animals and men, so that he drew dissected, and measured their systems of muscle and bone, made deductions about their balance and gait, depicted their expressions, and observed all the differences due to profession or age or character, from the child at its mother's breast to the timid movements of the very old.

This multitude of sharp details and precise notations did not accumulate in his mind as though he were making a collection of separate acquisitions and special items of knowledge to be catalogued by species. The treasure amassed within him was not the mere sum of truths that remained mutually distinct and alien. On the contrary, all those varied perceptions kept forming new combinations among themselves, and, much as a variety of nutriments is conjoined in the blood and unique substance of a living creature, they collaborated in the formation of a central intellectual power capable of unforeseen applications and creations.

EMPLOYING all methods impartially, now sketching from life, now making computations, now defining or describing in the most exact language, he seemed to ignore the academic distinctions we insist on making between the sciences and the arts, or theory and practice, or analysis and synthesis, or logic and analogy—external distinctions that do not exist in the inner activity of the mind when it devotes itself ardently to producing the knowledge it desires. The princes of the earth used to course their quarry from dawn to dusk without pausing at boundaries or inclosures, and so it was with the extraordinary man of whom I am thinking. Like a sovereign lord of the intellect, he pursued his pleasure in understanding all things, in wresting secrets from nature, without regard to the categories drawn up by schoolmen for the common order of minds.

Finally, he did not conceive of true knowledge as existing without some corresponding power of action. He believed that creating and constructing were indivisible from perceiving and understanding.

But his form of action, which consisted in producing works and carrying out the purposes of the mind, led him to seek for perfect conditions of execution. Hence our hero would inquire into the mechanism and inner economy of our faculty for acting. He would analyze our acts, those simple acts we perform without thinking of all they require in the way of solved problems, different energies brought together, antagonisms reconciled, exact coincidences, and, at the same time, a living suppleness of adaptation.

He aimed in I cannot say what fashion at the total possession of his machine for acting; at the ideal elegance of creative action. He made his senses and his hands collaborate. With admirable freedom he practiced almost all the arts and several trades, which he did not fail to enrich with the fruits of his reflections and experiments; and he carried his thinking farther and farther under the perpetual control of external resistances. Nothing real seemed to him unworthy of engrossing his power of attention. By his constant, rigorous, yet loving study of natural objects, he learned that there is no such thing as a mere detail in the world of reality, and that, if an infirmity of the mind obliges us to abstract and simplify, to confound a numberless multitude of beings under a few poor names, and to substitute "concepts" for their infinite variety, it is only a necessary condition of the human understanding, which can hardly do better. We perceive much more of the world than we can ever conceive.

IN THIS complete man, intellectual perception was not enough to exhaust desire, and the production of ideas, even the most precious ideas, was not enough to satisfy the strange need to create. The very demands of his thinking carried him back to the sensuous world, and the result of his meditations was an appeal to the forces that control matter. The act of the superior artist is to restore the values of sensuous perception and the emotive power of objects by means of conscious operations; and it is an act by which the cycle of the being who has wholly achieved himself ends in the creation of forms.

This masterwork of harmonious existence and of human powers in their plenitude bore the very illustrious name of Leonardo da Vinci.

Everyone knows what Leonardo was; that he began by devoting himself to

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painting, revealed himself to be a great painter, and then, by a total development of his researches into that one field, made himself great in all things; that he went back and forth from plastic art to the most searching analysis of forms and their generation, and from drawing to optics, geometry, mechanics, geology, anatomy, and animal dynamics; that he invented a great number of machines; and that he offered to construct anything whatever, to fortify places, to divert the course of rivers, to throw bridges across them, and to control their flow with locks and dams. He is also known as the organizer of great pageants, masques, and revels. One's mind is dazzled by such a bewildering variety of powers, and they leave no possible doubt of their existence. Scores of the machines he invented were reconstructed and put on display at the Vinci Exposition in Milan.

Everything about this man is miraculous. The brief portrait I have sketched of him, for all its fabulous air, contains nothing that cannot be authenticated. But extraordinary as was his career in life, that of his fame and posthumous destiny has been even more astonishing.

WHEN Leonardo died in 1519, at the age of sixty-seven, he was famous everywhere in cultivated Europe. His pictures were universally admired and marked an epoch in painting. Nobody stood above him in his art, and his innumerable talents put him at the head of all the great men of an illustrious period in Italy.

He left behind him, as if in the shadow of his painted works, a mass of strange manuscripts that were soon dispersed. Some were lost; others were reserved as objects of curiosity. They were notebooks filled with writing and sketches. The writing was reversed, running from right to left, and had to be read with a mirror. Even before one tried to decipher the text, the sketches revealed a variegated multitude of studies and researches. There were geometrical or mechanical figures, magnificent anatomical drawings of men and horses, architectural projects, tools and weapons, characters revealed in action, studies in composition, other studies in the movement of fluids, and how much besides!

Today a more and more intensive study of these fragments has given us an always loftier and more imposing picture of his genius. First of all we learn that he was a great writer, even a singularly great writer, for his style has a force, a precision, sometimes a grace, and sometimes a form of pathos that are peculiarly his own.

As a scientist he now appears to have been a great precursor. In geology and hydraulics his ideas were far ahead of their time, and his researches often took directions that would be followed by those new sciences when they began to take shape in the 17th Century. He surmised and came very close to formulating principles of mechanics that would not be demonstrated or applied for more than a hundred years after his death.

BUT there is even greater matter for astonishment. In the manuscripts, among many notes relating to the flight of birds, to the combined support and propulsion of all winged creatures, we find plans for an apparatus that would make it possible for human beings to rise from the ground and move about in the air.

A bird flies because it has the essentials of flight: a motive force, levers, supporting surfaces. The mechanism can be explained by a process of reasoning based on a great number of observations, and the same process, if rigorously controlled, can lead to the construction of a bird out of wood and canvas. Leonardo went about the task with passionate devotion and incredible confidence in his observations and had discovered the formulas of dynamics—before algebra, before physics, before Galileo's laws and the experiments that revealed the weight of air; before the simplest item of scientific knowledge that modern schoolboys are supposed to learn—we find him boldly proposing to invent a flying machine. He studied the general conditions that must be satisfied. He went into painstaking detail. He lavished his time and energy on computations, analyses, and sketches; he dissected birds and bats to learn the secrets of their wings and pectoral muscles; he tried to represent, and he *made drawings of,* the forms of fluid air and the pattern of gaseous molecules on surfaces gliding through the medium.

All these observations were recorded in page after page of secret writing. His contemporaries felt that the man was wasting his time, that the great painter should paint instead of yielding to his aberations. Michael Angel reproached him violently for what he took to be idleness, sterility, or the dreams of impotence. And for almost four hundred years the few scholars who examined the mysterious notebooks and were able to decipher the reversed writing saw nothing in that jumble of observations and projects, and had little ground for seeing anything but chimeras or fantasies on the order of Cyrano's visit to the moon. At last a moment came when the flying machine proposed itself, and then imposed itself, as a problem for the ambition of modern engineers. The problem was studied with all the new resources of science and technology, and it was then discovered that Leonardo's incredibly premature researches had carried him far along the road to a scientific solution. The first flying machine that flew—the one built by Ader and now preserved at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, with its early record of nearly a hundred meters in the air—had batlike wings of the type that Leonardo designed after minute study of their principles, besides calculating all the details of construction.

So it took four centuries to cast a little more light on the figure of our great man. The power of his genius could not be fully conceived without the immense progress accomplished through the efforts of a dozen generations. That is what I meant by saying that his posthumous career has been unprecedented.

I SHALL END this very brief sketch by calling attention to a few special traits of his character that seem to me rather unusual.

We observe in Leonardo what I might call his *kingly indifferences.* As for the first of these, even a cursory inspection of his manuscripts makes it clear that he was in some sort indifferent to the nature of problems, since everything was a problem to him—not in the philosophical sense of being something to explain by deductions from a system of ideas, but rather a problem defined for him by the possibility of solving it with the help of some objective construction or operation. Everything seemed to be equally effective in awakening his hunger for effective knowledge, and he made no distinction between great and small questions. (If both are judged

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simply as mental operations, it is obvious that the study of a mechanism—say a new type of gears—can demand as much effort as the analysis of a world philosophy).

In the same way Leonardo was indifferent—as I have indicated—to our pedantic distinctions between scientific work and artistic production. He ranged through all the broad realm that is open to the power of the mind.

He was also indifferent to the temptations of immediate glory. He was unwilling to sacrifice his generalized curiosity or the bold forays of his imagination, which was depth, to the conditions demanded by successful projects and certain rewards. He started many works that he abandoned.

Finally these manuscripts reveal nothing, or next to nothing, about his own life. They are a treasury of intellectual confidences, but they contain no personal sentiments and hardly any mention of his actual experiences. He shows no sign of the weakness inherent in the confessions and boasts that fill so many writings purporting to reveal the inmost heart. His love affairs are merely legends, and there is nothing to be wrung from him but sublime ambitions and admirable secrets that are only the secrets of the universe.

Translated by Malcolm Cowley

What Is This World?

by Harvey Swados

MISS JACKSON'S newest ghost story is laid in a luxurious New England estate inhabited by a rather choice collection of creeps. A senile old gentleman, whose nanny reads him *Robinson Crusoe*; his power-hungry mate, dreaming of ruling the estate at any cost; their asthmatic daughter-in-law, mourning for her husband who has apparently been pushed down the stairs by mommy to ensure her control; and their sweet little granddaughter, happily defacing grandma's portraits and sticking significant pins in waxen dolls. There is also Aunt Fanny, given to receiving minatory visions of her deceased father, founder of the line and builder of the mansion. The family is rounded out with a bounder supposedly cataloguing the books in the library and a sissy nursemaid.

The Sundial, by Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; $3.75).

They are all mad, of course, which makes it somewhat easier for them to accept batty Aunt Fanny's disturbing report from her father that the world is soon to come to an end. Taking the apocalyptic tidings in stride, they are modestly consoled by the revelation that the estate itself is to be spared. There follows what might be called a period of adjustment, with the domineering Mrs. Halloran deciding which guests and relatives are to be permitted to stay on, and thus be allowed to enter the new world that is to be born after the destruction of the old, and which are to be consigned to the cataclysm. Not unpredictably, some of the younger, more earthbound members of the establishment, even though they are more than half-sold on Aunt Fanny's warnings of the ineluctable, yearn for the fleshpots of the dying outer world and attempt to return to it.

The inference is obvious. Miss Jackson takes ample advantage of it, and of the entire situation, to utter a number of acerbic and sibylline comments on our world and what are laughingly known as its inhabitants. The title itself refers to the sundial of the Halloran garden, on which is inscribed WHAT IS THIS WORLD? In a sense, the novel itself can be read as Miss Jackson's partial answer to the cosmic question, embroidered with comic embellishments.

The household expends a good deal of energy in laying in a store of supplies for the new life to come. "There was a carton of anti-histamine preparations. . . . There were cartons of plastic overshoes and rubbers, in asserted sizes, of instant coffee, of cleansing tissue and sunglasses. Suntan lotion, salted nuts in cans, paper napkins, soap, both bar and

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flaked, toilet paper (four cartons). . . ." Of course the logical place to store these essential ingredients of the brave new world is the library: after the books have been removed to the yard and burned, the breakfast foods and citronella seem to fit quite nicely on the shelves.

MISS JACKSON does not miss too many opportunities. Negotiations are undertaken between the residents of the fortress-to-be and the leadership of a religious sect which also believes in the approaching destruction of the globe, but plans a relocation on another planet. Refugees are accepted as guests of the estate on the basis of their qualifications as seers or breeding machines. And hints are dropped from time to time that those of us who enjoy doing so may read the characters as symbols, either of the seven deadly sins or as other ectoplasm manifestations, with the emphasis on the irony of survival of the worst.

Why is it then that the book finally leaves such a small impression? For one reader it is primarily because, while Miss Jackson is an intelligent and clever writer, there rises from her pages the cold fishy gleam of a calculated and carefully expressed contempt for the human race.

Pleasure in the vilenesses that human beings can commit one upon the other soon palls, particularly it is unaccompanied by any imaginary representation of the specific moral gravity of a good human being. The result is that the figures in this literary landscape become less and less human and more and more simply the vehicles for an extended bitter joke that ends after several hundred pages by being merely tedious.

Digging the San Franciscans

by Dan Pinck

THE *New York Times* called the publication of Kerouac's *On the Road* "an historic occasion" and the *Herald Tribune* said that "he dreams of America in the authentic rolling rhythms of a Whitman or a Thomas Wolfe, drunk with eagerness for life." Carlos Baker in *The Saturday Review* did refer to it as a paean to juvenile delinquency, but *The Saturday Review* later recanted and in a subsequent article declared that Kerouac was a sign of hope for the future.

On the Road was populated by a chain-gang of wierds; although its hero was a saint, there was no indication that he was above the level of a moron with locomotion. In that novel and in this new one, Kerouac tells us that his characters discuss and understand Neitzsche, Dostoyevsky, Baudelaire, Kafka, Rimbaud, Thoreau, William Blake, Alfred Kazin, Faulkner, Luther, Wagner, Vivaldi and other such cats, but nowhere is there any sign that either the author or his characters know what they are talking about.

The Subterraneans, by Jack Kerouac (Published in three editions: Evergreen book, $1.45; Grove, hardcover edition, $3.50; and a limited edition of 100 numbered copies).

One reads on the first page of *The Subterraneans*, if one gets that far, who the subterraneans of San Francisco are:

> They are hip without being slick, they are intelligent without being corny, they are intellectual as hell and know all about Pound without being pretentious or talking too much about it, they are very quiet, they are very Christlike.

On the subsequent one hundred and ten pages divers characters, or subterraneans, are described as being like Christ, like Moses, like saints, like angels, like nuns; they are, in the author's words (and only his) *kidlike* and *othergenerationey*.

Perhaps reluctantly one must acknowledge an occasional astonishingly fine poetic run of words; however, they lose their effectiveness in their surroundings. I quote out of context, chiefly to show what the context is.

> (And Charles Bernard, the vastness of the name in the cosmogony of my brain, a hero of the Proustian past in the scheme as I know it, in the Frisco-alone branch of it, Charles Bernard who'd been Jane's lover, Jane who'd been shot by Frank, Jane whom I'd lived with, Marie's best friend, the cold winter rainy nights when Charles would be crossing the campus saying something witty . . .

This sentence staggers on for another two hundred words and ends with a reference to the pride of Paterson, Allen Ginsberg, and at the end the author remembers to call it off with a proper parenthesis.

Kerouac's literary granddaddy-o, the hipster who is responsible for *The Subterraneans*, is Henry Miller; specifically, *The Tropic of Cancer*. Similarities between Kerouac's book and Miller's are numerous, odious, striking, and boring. Says Miller on page 12 of his book (the edition published in Paris in 1949 by The Obelisk Press):

> This then? This is not a book. This is libel, slander, defamation of character. This is not a book in the ordinary sense of the word. No, this is a prolonged insult, a gob of spit in the face of Art, a kick in the pants to God, Man, Destiny, Time, Love, Beauty . . . what you will.

Were there any sign in any of his three books that Kerouac possessed an intellect, it might be possible to consider *The Subterraneans* as a joke of his on the public and on the critics. It is not a joke. Kerouac is simply ignorant, but a name-dropper supreme. Digging Reich and Jung, he dashes off a next-to-last page *aide-memoire* for the reader's contemplation: "I'd just read her the first few pages of *Finnegans Wake* and explained them . . ."

Dig that, Jackson.

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MOVIES

Arms and the Man

FOR occasional jolts to our snobberies let us be grateful. Two naval films of World War II are announced; one is English, a Michael Powell-Emeric Pressburger production with Anthony Quayle, John Gregson, and Peter Finch: the other is a Hollywood picture with Robert Mitchum directed by Dick Powell. We know immediately, we think, which film we can expect little of. How healthily surprising to be wrong, to find that the first picture, *Pursuit of the Graf Spee,* is almost unrelievedly dreadful and the second, *The Enemy Below,* is a compact, competently written, ably acted little drama.

It is difficult to understand how English film-makers could have done thus badly with material so apt to their gifts as the triumph over the German pocket battleship in 1939. But their script sounds as if it had been culled from Broadway revue sketches lampooning pukka sahibs; the color scenes of battle look stagey and hand-tinted; and the acting, which is generally astounding in its ineffectiveness, ocasionally becomes ludicrous. Peter Finch is vacuous as the German commander Langsdorff, John Gregson is self-consciously brave as a British captain, and Anthony Quayle, as the British commodore, plays for the camera and microphone as if he were doing Oedipus outdoors. The scenes in Montevideo with night-club dancers and scantily clad girls on shore watching the harbor are exactly the sort of thing that tickles Bloomsbury and Chelsea about Hollywood.

Pursuit of the Graf Spee (Archer). *The Enemy Below* (20th Century-Fox).

The Enemy Below pits an American destroyer captain against a German U-boat captain in a South Atlantic duel. Sheer excitement is distilled by means of the acute camera work, the literate dialogue by Wendel Mayes (whose screenplay is based on Commander D. A. Rayner's novel), and the solid performances of Curt Jurgens and, if you please, Robert Mitchum. Jurgens has already demonstrated that he is a forceful actor; Mitchum probably owes a debt here to his director, Dick Powell. All of them are indebted to the script which gives them interesting, character-creative things to say and do. It must be admitted that the ending—in which the American captain personally rescues the German captain—inflates credibility close to the bursting point, but it never quite bursts.

WHAT makes these two pictures worth discussion, beyond the intrinsic values of the American film, is, first of all, the fact that they exist. Their virtually simultaneous appearances help to signify a new era in the movies' attitude toward our enemies of World War II, who are here portrayed as worthy of understanding and some sympathy. This was inevitable and presumably desirable; it was certainly predictable. During the last two years Americans have bought millions of paperbound copies of war books, mostly non-fiction and most of them retailing war experience from the enemy viewpoint. Curiosity about what the enemy was thinking and feeling is natural and is now being satisfied.

However, while the books generally give us the answers straight and undiluted, both these films handle such matters if not in distorted form then highly selectively. Neither of the German commanders in these pictures is a Nazi. Finch, as Langsdorff, is non-committal on the subject; we note only that he returns Nazi salutes with conventional salutes. Jurgens is quite vocal about it and hates the ardent Nazi on his U-boat. Both commanders are crammed to the teeth with naval etiquette and respect for the enemy's bravery. (In fact the British attack on the Graf Spee interrupts a Christmas celebration which the captain has arranged for his British prisoners.)

It would be silly to doubt either the punctilio of some German officers or the well-established fact that some of them were anti-Nazi, but there is considerable evidence that this was not the unvarying rule. After a war one wants enemies revealed as the human beings they were, not as the faceless threats they had to be considered during the war if one was to fight them; but if it is pretended—in films or elsewhere—that most of Hitler's commanders were cavaliers *au fond* whose sympathies lay essentially with our mockery compounds itself.

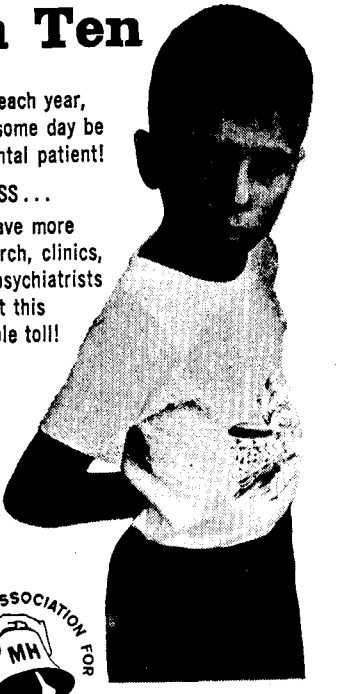
These films raise two further noteworthy matters. The past few months have brought us four pictures which, with differing success, deal with the waste and tragedy of war: the two discussed above, *The Bridge on the River Kwai,* and *Paths of Glory.* This trend is especially interesting in an age committed to, nominally, cold war. It is remarkable that film producers felt sufficiently confident of public response to anti-war sentiments to risk heavy investments on them—and have been proved right.

Equally interesting is the fact that the first three of these pictures are stories at the command level. The conflicts and defeats and triumphs are all in the senior officers' realm. The fundamental appeal of both the naval pictures is that of the joust; they are knightly encounters, except that here the steeds are intricate

One Child in Ten

born each year, may some day be a mental patient!

UNLESS . . . we have more research, clinics, and psychiatrists to cut this terrible toll!



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vessels with crews of from dozens to hundreds. Moreover, these pictures make clear that the only place in which war is still a matter for warriors is at the point of high command, that to be anything less is to be an assembly-line mechanic or a cog in a unit, very possibly brave but not necessarily soldierly.

At the same time that these pictures deprecate war, they dramatize why it has always appealed to some intelligent and capable men. In a sense these films are lingering backward looks at probably the last major war with opportunities for the exercise of the martial ideals of honor and chivalry. The most thorough pacifist can feel a twinge at that thought when he faces the prospect of electronically controlled warfare. These films raise a question about the military man, not the stupid sadist or civilian misfit but the man of the breed of General Marshall. Patriotic motives and international exigencies bind him to his duties, but one wonders what he thinks of his calling in an age where manly virtue is less important than engineering skill.

WE ARE TOLD that the invention of radar before the snorkel is what defeated the U-boats, not naval skill *per se:* that if German nuclear and rocketry scientists had made faster progress, the war would have taken a different course despite all that armies would do. It is ironic to think, as these films imply, that a physicist who may have the temperament of a nervous nursemaid now takes precedence in war over the proud captains. Our era is witnessing the acceleration of a change in the ancient profession of arms so drastic as to mean its demise in anything like its old form. Pictures like *The Eenmy Below* may in future become sentimental souvenirs of the days when the bloody business of war had something attractive in it for at least some men.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Notes on Contributors

MALCOLM COWLEY is at the American Academy in Rome, translating a volume of pieces by the late Paul Valery (1871-1945). HARVEY SWADOS is a young novelist whose book *On the Line* appeared last fall. DAN PINCK will publish a new book this spring. STANLEY KAUFFMANN has written about films for numerous periodicals.

THEATRE

The Voice of the Turkey

A PSYCHOLOGICAL MELODRAMA called *Interlock*—I speak in the past tense because the play opened and closed like a swinging door—brought Celeste Holm back to Broadway in a white evening dress, five fetching-negligees and a wheelchair. It had little else to offer.

Interlock was the story of Mrs. Price (Celeste Holm), a glamorous, possessive invalid—confined to her chair because of a boating accident that occurred under the fishiest of circumstances some years back, killing her husband and leaving her hopelessly crippled—though still attractive and richer than Croesus. Feigning an interest in the pianistic virtuosity of her German companion's fiancé, Mrs. Price was able to engineer the young man's moving into her opulent town house, only to bring about the lovers' parting and the pianist's total subjection to her own cast iron whims.

Interlock, by Ira Levin (closed); *Oh Captain!,* by Al Morgan and Jose Ferrer (Alvin Theatre).

The play wasn't quite as bad or quite as bald as I make it sound. Ira Levin is a good writer with a natural ear for dialogue and I did find myself caring what was going to happen to the characters. But, starting out from a promising first act, *Interlock* went downhill with the speed of a glacier until its rather early final curtain—10:50 PM—made me feel that I, myself, had spent the better part of a lifetime in the demanding company of Mrs. Price.

Celeste Holm was lovely, if a trifle throaty, as the menace. Rosemary Harris was perfectly fine as the put-upon companion and Maximilian Schell was notably good—if not always intelligible—in his American debut as the struggling musician. He also brought a new dimension to the theatre by playing his own Brahms and Czerny exercises on the Steinway in full view of the audience. Philip Burton's direction was all that it should have been had Howard Bay designed the sort of set I wish I lived in. In fact, everyone did his level best *except* the author. But Ira Levin is so very talented that we can surely expect something much, much better from him next time.

Oh Captain! is a musical comedy that, unfortunately, will not close for many months to come, what with two million dollars in the till and 221 theatre parties booked before opening night.

It is a rehash of that funny film, *The Captain's Paradise.* In the original version Alec Guinness, as the captain of a small ferry bobbing between Gibraltar and North Africa, manages—for a while—to solve all of the male problems by having a prim little homebody of an English wife on one shore and a razzle-dazzle Spanish mistress on the other. Al Morgan and Jose Ferrer, the authors of *Oh Captain!,* using this basically promising situation, have changed everything else so much that any similarity to the original—including humor—is purely coincidental.

In the current—or $9.20 top—version, the captain has abandoned his rather usual ports of call for such hackneyed locales as a Gilbert and Sullivan London and an Offenbach Paris. The English are incredibly dowdy while the French are utterly chic. (The captain's beautiful wife even goes so far as to wear bloomers to the knee while his fearfully overweight French concubine, short of tassels and electric fittings, is pure Minsky.) All English are repressed and frigid—false noses, spectacles and shapeless clothing—while all French, with ruffled petticoats, an occasional "Ooh-la-la!" and attitudes of hopeless abandon, are hell on a stick. According to the authors, Paris is Babylon, glutted with street walkers, pimps, madams, artists, intellectuals and other undesirables. According to me, London has never seemed as attractive.

BUT THE AUTHORS and their Victorian misconceptions are all powerful. Everything else falls right into line. The designer, Jo Mielziner, brings every cliché of Gay Paree to us in acres of ostentatious settings: The Seine and its bridges, the Eiffel Tower (three times), Notre Dame (three times), the kiosk, the pissoir, the crooked roofs, the chim-

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ney pots, Montmartre Cathedral, the skylit studio—everything except the Arc de Triomphe.

Miles White's costumes range from unattractive to obscene.

The music is banal with nothing that anyone is likely to be humming on the way out of the theatre and with the kind of "naughty" words that must have amused the lyricist but are unlikely to bring so much as a grimace to any one else's face. Dancing is almost nonexistent.

It is a show of prodigal waste, the most conspicuous being Alexandra Danilova, who appears for less than five minutes and who is required to do nothing that an apt ballet student couldn't have done as well. Second in line is Paul Valentine, who might have scored as a Spanish lothario if there had been less wind and more music and dancing in the authors' unoriginal script.

Abbe Lane, who may be just dandy pinned up on the barracks wall, is utterly resistible on stage; baroque of façade, but with a rear elevation that is right out of the Bowery Follies. Jacquelyn McKeever, as Miss Lane's English rival, is enchanting in her Broadway debut. She sings well, she is pretty and wholesome and sparkling and looks like a lady. Tony Randal is funny and endearing as the philandering captain. If his performance suffers by comparison to Alec Guinness', only the material can be blamed.

All in all, *Oh Captain!* is a big, dull, vulgar hit; the scalper's delight, the "hot ticket" for the tired business man, the out-of-town buyer. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ferrer certainly ruined a funny movie.

PATRICK DENNIS

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

who attempted to reduce *By Love Possessed* to an exercise in pornography.

To link Mr. Cozzens in any way with Eisenhower and Dulles is in itself laughable. Whatever Mr. Cozzens' views on specific political issues, the fundamental perspective in which he operates renders ridiculous the naïve sentimentalities of Eisenhower and the hypocritical moralizing of Dulles. Mr. Howe closes his essay with this linkage, but what is a reader to think of a review of thirteen columns which does not even mention the key character of *By Love Possessed,* Julius Penrose, except to quote one short passage of his conversation? Mr. Howe, discovers traces of anti-Semitism, but what of the more extended criticism of Catholicism or Protestantism. Not a word! Mr. Howe discovers the allegory of the Christian Winner and The Jewish Woolf, but what of the symbolism of the severely crippled Penrose, the man of cold reason?

Mr. Howe speaks as the representative of the new anti-intellectualism of the left. Their secular optimism destroyed, the romantic dreams of progress deflated, resentment rises against any who faces present day realities with intellectual honesty. That a novelist dares to espouse a Philosophy of Limit is to them anathema. Still wallowing in romantic illusions (already effectively buried in music and painting) Mr. Howe speaks of "patterns of drama" and "risks of tragedy." Where in modern literature are these to be found? In the writings of Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Saul Bellow, etc.? Mr. Howe may have forgotten the source of a Philosophy of Limit among the Pre-Socratic Greeks, and it might do him good to read Pericles' oration to the Athenians. It is truly difficult for a romantic to accept the frame of reference of a civilization in decline, of a climate in which moral and spiritual values have been dispersed, and from which practical political causes have disappeared. Unfortunately when Mr. Cozzens faces such a world the cries of the sentimentalists fill the air.

From the motto on the clock on page one to the end of the novel, Mr. Cozzens presents domination of the soul by feeling and emotion, that is, possession by love, as the pathway to disaster, immoral acts, and human defeat. It is perhaps difficult to accept this one-sided view, since there are areas in human experience where feeling leads to positive achievement. But this final irony, the weakness of the men of reason, serves as a recognition that the moral life must never be so inflexible as to destroy the human. To use the categories of Santayana, Mr. Cozzens has confronted the Realm of Matter with courage and candor, but fails to face in an understanding way the Realm of Spirit.

Perhaps in some future work he may reveal a more complete vision—a perspective in which feeling and thought are reconciled, and in which a love liberated from possession is revealed. In this vision Julius Penrose will be made whole.

GEORGE BROUNOFF

New York, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Howe replies

ANYONE who cares for a detailed reply to Mr. Brounoff's letter is referred to my essay on Cozzens, in which most of his points are anticipated. However, a few remarks:

1. Mr. Brounoff writes that I "link

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**First on the Foreign Policy Association's recent reading list on US China policy* (Headline Series, *November-December, 1957*).

Cozzens . . . with Eisenhower and Dulles." The imprecision of this strikes me as outrageous.

What I did was: (a) describe Cozzens' Philosophy of Limit (should I now add that the capitals are meant to convey an ironic stress?) as one that offers, among other things, "conservative wisdom in a moment of liberal twilight"; (b) suggest how this philosophy (by *apparently* achieving the resolution of tragedy without traveling the painful road of the tragic experience) is morally dubious and politically accommodating; (c) note that Cozzens has held these views for some years and that the shift of the *Zeitgeist* which has rendered them attractive to middle-brow readers is not of course to be blamed on him; (d) then, and only then, conclude that "a *civilization* that finds its *symbolic* embodiment in . . . Eisenhower and its practical guide in . . . Dulles has been well *prepared* for receiving the *fruits* of the Philosophy of Limit."

I italicize, pedantically, several words in this last quote from my article, so that readers may observe how sloppily and irresponsibly Mr. Brounoff writes when he declares that I "link Cozzens . . . with Eisenhower and Dulles." If he still can't see the difference, then clearly, literary criticism is not for him.

2. Julius Penrose did not strike me as "the key character of *By Love Possessed*. But if this garrulous bore is that, the novel is far worse than I thought.

3. I know a bit about the Greeks. The Greeks achieved—that is, when they did achieve—their sense of human limit only after the most violent and passionate indulgence in what Mr. Brounoff would no doubt regard as romanticism. To assimilate their sense of the human situation to the mean-spirited, hard-boiled, side-of-the-mouth, "you-can't-piss-against-the-wind" outlook of *By Love Possessed* — well, it's like regarding Rabbi Liebman's *Peace of Mind* as the spiritual heir of the Book of Job.

4. Let's keep Santayana out of this.

5. My objection to Cozzens obviously could not be that he *"faces"* a civilization in decline." My objection is to the moral, intellectual and emotional terms in which he does his facing.

6. As to being "obsolete" in the company of Dwight Macdonald (good company, too) and being unwilling to "accept the frame of reference . . . of a climate in which moral and spiritual values have been dispersed"—I don't know what the frame of a climate is, but on the principle of scooping meanings out of vague clusters of phrases (for which a reading of Cozzens has well prepared me), let me assure Mr. Brounoff that he is, for once, entirely right.

IRVING HOWE

Waltham, Mass.

► *The Present Cuban Turmoil*

SIRS:

ALTHOUGH I am now an American citizen, I was born and educated in Cuba. I am therefore deeply impressed by the dignity and courage of Mr. Friedenberg in reporting without fear some of the characteristics and problems of the present Cuban turmoil (*NR*, Feb. 17). Please follow up this Latin American "case" with more articles to come. The American public *needs* this kind of service. My congratulations to you, and to the good American journalist "sincero y valiente."

ENRIQUE NOBLE

Goucher College

► *What is a "Liberal Catholic"*

SIRS:

CONCERNING Mr. Cogley's article in the Feb. 17th *NR* ("What Is a 'Liberal Catholic' "?). . . I wish to make it clear that we Protestants . . . have no quarrel with Catholics with respect to their religion, whether they are styled "liberal" or "conservative."

The point on which we need reassurance is the Catholic loyalty to the United States . . . Catholic dogma is diametrically opposed to the democracy and our constitutional guarantees. And it doesn't look like Catholics recognize the difference. Indeed those working hardest to wipe out constitutional guarantees, like Edgar Hoover, Francis Walter, William Jenner, and the late unlamented Sen. McCarthy were and are notable Catholics. . . .

ROSE G. LEVAN

East Chicago, Indiana

Mr. Hoover is a Presbyterian, Rep. Walter is a Lutheran, and Senator Jenner is a Methodist.—THE EDITORS.

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

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